J. ANGUS SHAW, Sec.-Treas., 991 West 117th Street.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter. World for the United States and Canada.

One Year.

State

The Evening For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.

VOLUME 48...... NO. 17,040,

WHIPSAWING THE FARE BILL.



WHIPSAW differs from an ordinary saw in that it cuts both ways. A Chinese saw cuts when it is pulled toward you. An ordinary carpenter's saw cuts when it is pushed away. The Assembly and Senate Committees on Railroads have now completed their whipsawing of the Coney Island Five-Cent Fare bill.

By a vote of five to two the Senate Committee on Railroads refuses to pass this bill, which

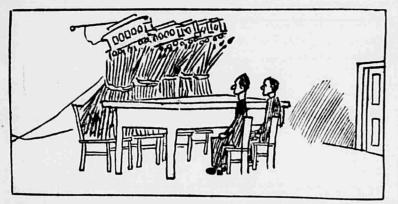
the Assembly Committee on Railroads unanimously reported.

Maybe if the Assembly Committee had not already known what the Senate Committee would do, the bill would not have passed the Assembly. Maybe if the B. R. T. had not known what the Senate Committee would do it would have made more of a fight in the

In either event, a whipsaw may saw wood, but it pulls the wool over nobody's eyes.

The Coney Island Five-Cent Fare bill, which has for years been advocated by The Evening World, has been annually introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Wagner, who is honest, sincere and able in his efforts to pass it.

Last year this bill was killed in the Senate by the votes of New York Senators representing tenement-house districts. They heard from their constituents last fall, and this year they both voted and talked in favor of it. To deprive Mr. Wagner of the personal credit for the bill's passage by the Assembly, the Republican majority draughted their own Five-Cent Fare bill and put it through, thereby enabling the Republican Assemblymen from Greater New York to tell their constituents next fall that they had done everything they could to secure the Coney Island five-cent fare.



The Senate Committee on Railroads has only two New York Cit members. Both of these voted for the bill, and none of the others did.

That enables all the Senators and Assemblymen from New York City, both Democratic and Republican, to go before their constituents next fall and pose as the real, true friends of the people.

This will deceive nobody.

Any bill which affects only New York and which all the New York Senators and Assemblymen are honestly in favor of stands a pretty good chance of passing both houses of the Legislature.

The representation from Greater New York is two-fifths of the whole Legislature. Its members can easily pass any local bill they want by refusing to vote for the local bills other members want unless they get theirs.

This is not the end of the Coney Island Five-Cent Fare bill. The Evening World will keep on advocating it. Mr. Wagner or some other member, in case he decides not to return next year, will introduce it. Some day there will be a Legislature which really represents the popular will, and that day will come all the sooner from the exposure of the grin. tricks by which meritorious legislation like this is prevented.

Letters from the People.

Licenses for Cats.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why not license cats as dogs are li- correct? censed and kill those with no licenses? This would put a partial stop to the nightly yowlings that murder sleep. Discuss this, New Yorkers. Is there any sane reason against it? H. A. LAHNAS.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World: RICHARD BINNS.

"Unsociable" New York. To the Editor of The Evening World:

The recent editorial on the unsociableness of New York struck the right To the Editor of The Evening World: note. I went to school with a fellow I read every now and then of city and we became close friends. For more employees who hold jobs for Half than twelve years we have never met, century or so. Readers, don't you think and yet all that time both have been it too long for any one to hold a job living in this dear old town and per- off the city? I think any one who has haps but a few blocks distant from one held a job twenty years ought to give another. I believe it is a far easier it up and give some one else a chance. task to keep track of one on the Sahara What say you, readers? than in this metropolis. What do others A. THOMAS.

Lace Shipments. To the Editor of The Evening World: would discuss the solution of the fol- who could give me an answer: A man lowing problem: A customer orders 12 digs an excavation 12 feet by 12 feet. dozen lace; same was charged and ship-He has a board 16 feet by 9 feet, ped to him as 12 dozen, but on receipt How can he cut the board in two pieces of the goods he finds that in reality so as to exactly cover the excavathere is only 6 dozen. After reporting the shortage, the salesman, sends to him, without charge, another 12 doze and asks that he return the first ship ment for inspection. In the meantime the storekeeper disposes of 2 dozen hence returns only 4 dozen; after the salesman was convinced of the truth o salesman was convinced of the truth o the statement he sent back three dozen.

Client—Nothing of the kind. She's to smart to throw things at me. How much should the storekeeper b

To the Editor of The Evening World: ways mana-Bour Almanac for 1908 gives Good Daily News.

charged with?

Friday as a legal holiday in the State of New Jersey. Is that information C. H. ROBERTS. Elizabeth, N. J.

A Boy's Spending Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What ought I to get for spending money, readers? I am working in New York and make \$4 a week. My parents Is there or was there ever an Edison twenty-five cents a day for expenses. Fifteen cents of this goes for dinne and ten for carfare. The total sum in \$1.50 a week.

Time Limit for Jobs.

BALLOT BOX.

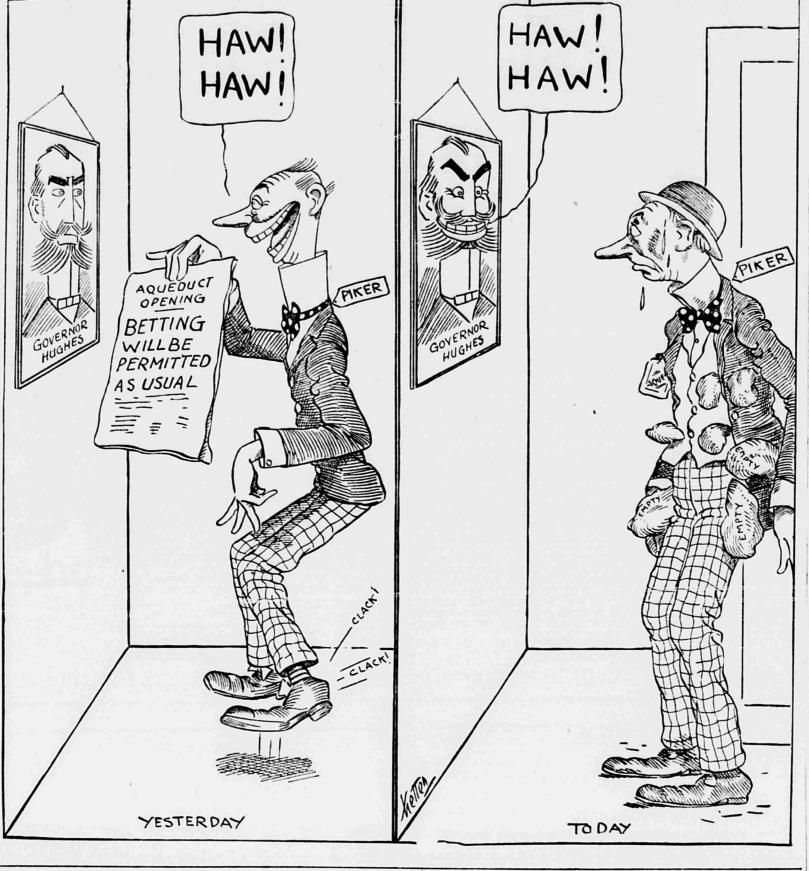
A Board Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World What reader can solve this problem? should like very much if readers I haven't been able to find any one P. J. TOBIAS.

She's Too Smart.

J. CLARK. | Lawyer-But I thought-Client (interruptingly)-She invariably throws things at the dog, but she always manages to hit me.-Chicago

"He Laughs Best That Laughs Last."



The Showing Off by Parents of Their Cute Little Darlings Is a Dangerous Undertaking, as Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Have Learned

By Roy L. McCardell,

R. and Mrs. Gote, of Brooklyn, will be here this R. and Mrs. Gote, of Brooklyn, will evening, you know," said Mr. Jarr.
"Oh. I know it very well," said N everything. It's easy enough for them, though; they have to have.

wouldn't take no for an answer."

"Well, it wasn't because I wanted them," said Mrs. "You are always talking about what a good friend articles of jewelry that lady possessed to herself, Mr. Gote is to you and that he would lend you money, and

"I said he'd lend me money," replied Mr. Jarr with a

dishes, and that girl we have now is just aching to break them! Mr. Jarr made no reply, knowing the coming of company always throws good

Mrs. Jarr was all smiles and was so glad to see them. to bed and not be a bother?" queried Mr. Jarr, when he saw the children's chairs stand on his head.

go up to the table. 'You mind your business and let me attend to my own affairs!" said Mrs. said she MUST go. Jarr in a tense whisper." Mr. and Mrs. Gote came especially to see the children. They have none of their own, you know,

At the dinner table both Mr. and Mrs. Gote paid particular attention to little the sake of two old prigs from Brooklyn. Willie and Emma Jarr, as all people do who are childless, not caring how they

youngsters to outdo all former efforts as infant pests. Little Willie said a whole get laughed at for wantin' to vote. They ain't ever free and brave enough to for bright things and also said and did a whole lot that were not at all bright, to join a trade union, now that the 'perfect ladies' and preachers say it's no sin. including his latest accomplishment of spitting through his teeth.

Little Emma put her hands in the butter and rubbed it in her hair and oried while. dolorously for more dessert when there was no more, and joined with Willie in The intercession of Mr. and Mrs. Gote saved them from condign punishment,

said Mr. Jarr. "You yourself named this evening, and tumbling, which included a bumped and bleeding nose, results of which were wait a week to see things movin; but we can keep on dreamin. Sometimes wouldn't take no for a yourself named this evening, and apparent on Mr. Gote's white waistcoat.

These juvenile efforts at entertaining being interspersed with threats by their that's why I was so nice to them. To my mind, the man parents and remonstrances against such a thing on behalf of the little dears by

After Willie had dropped a large sized cast-fron locomotive on Mr. Gote's per corn that gentleman heartily seconded the suggestion that the children sing one "Why don't you borrow some, then?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Goodness knows I've of their school songs. This both children flatly refused to do, and when, in conplenty of use for all I can get! Oh, well, let them come!" she added, as if Mr.

Jarr was coaxing her to permit it; "let them come. I'll have to get out the new "as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Gote go," Mr. and Mrs. Gote commenced to stir uneasily, as if to indicate far be it from them to delay matters,

Finally Mrs. Jarr yanked the children from the room and ordered them to wives into a peevish and exasperated state. However, when the Gotes arrived bed. In two minutes they reappeared, little Emma wearing Mrs. Gote's bonnet and hospitably remarking, "Go on home; I don't like 'co!" and little Willie wear-I thought you intended giving the children an early dinner so they could go ing Mr. Gote's silk hat, in which, before he could be stopped, he proceeded to At this point Mrs. Gote pleaded a severe and probably truthful headache, and

When they had departed Mr. Jarr said coldly, "Now get me the strap!"

But Mrs. Jarr declared she wasn't going to have the children punished for

On the way home the Gotes resolved that if Providence in its wisdom had decreed they should be childless, perhaps Providence knew best.

Are not poor, but not rich. I get In the Realm of Repartee.



MISSIONARY-See here, young man, why don't see you in Sunday school any more?

KID-Aw, go on! Dey ain't even got de life of Jesse James in de library.

"Here, nurse! Who's that young chap that's "Now, boy, this is important. It's an invitation always following you around? Is he a beau of to dinner!"

"Oh, no, sir. Dat's Jimmie Hawkshaw, de de- MESSENGER-Thanks, lady. But I don't think tective. I hires him to protect me from kidnap- I kin accept. Me dress suit's in hock!

Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Vivisecting Cupid.

ISS ADAH PRATT, member of a colony of women near Washington who believe that all association with mankind is sinful and who lived till she was twenty-nine without having met one of the forbidden sex, has just married the first man who was ever introduced

It was inevitable that she should. Deprived of those standards of comparison that make the choice of a husband a matter of some complexity to the normal woman. it's a wonder she didn't try to elope with a tailor's dummy or an Indian cigar sign.

If a group of match-making mothers had held a special convention to devise early marriages for their infant daughters, they could not have found a surer plan than that of these women who sought to bring up a colony of

Yet in a sense this girl who had the matrimonial problem reduced to its simplest terms is to be envied. The task of selecting a husband presents such conflicting elements that unless one has the prompting of a grand passion to

guide one it is a puzzling and wear/some affair. The Turkish girl who accepts the first pasha who asks her parents for hand at least doesn't have the trouble of thinking that if John only had that his awful temper and Liliputian salary put even his Greek nose a trifle out

fore supremely desirable as a husband. And that is precisely what the mothers in the queer colony at Washington have done for their daughters. Perhaps in the general scheme of things it matters very little whether a girl marries the first man that proposes to her or the last. The late Ward McAllister, in his queer, forgotten book on society, advised the debutante to accept one of the proposals she received in her first season, as these would be, undoubtedly, the jest she would ever get.

So that the young lady from the very unworldly Washington colony has

She may prove just as happy a wife as though she had picked over a lozen hearts in the process of selection. Analysis is the bane of modern love It is simply vivisection of poor little Cupid to find out whether his heart beats properly or his arteries are in good condition. Women who linger too long over an assortment of suffors are too much given to it. The woman who marries the first man that asks her has no time for vivisection-at least not till after

Gertrude Barnum

-- On the American Girl --Is She Only a Dream?



E had been shopping, and several of the girls were much cast down because of the fatness of their desires and the slimness of their purses. Such in-excitating temptations in the hat and gown "openings!" Such sober necessity holding them to the linsey-woolses argain counter "closings!"

"Most any one could look like a duchess in that ermine and ostrich-plume hat!" sighed the aristocrat if our parts. "I get blame tired being a poor but honest working girl," grumbled a brunette beauty.

"Just think of some people blowin' money on butter

fly shalls, and us not able to earn enough to feed the wolf at the door!" exclaimed a plain girl, bitterly.
"What's the answer?" said my friend, Edna, with a laugh. "I can't see that makin' faces is 'specially becomis

or scares the wolf from the door much."
"You make me tired!" retorted the plain girl. "I s'pose you like bein' down on your uppers all the time, and letting other people hog all the cream and

begrudge you even the skim milk." Edna laughed sgain, placatingly. "Riddle," said she: "Which you'd rather be-the down-trodden or those that's troddin' you down? Honest, I'd drather drink the skim milk than hog all the cream. I'd drather fight wolves that dance on butterflies, an' I'd drather look like the right kind of American

After we had separated from the others and packed our heavy bundles about us in a double seat of the street car. Edna resumed:

Sometimes I think the real American girl we read about is only a dream The ones I know would mostly all be buyin' ermine hats with money they never earned if they got the chance, or givin' butterfly balls while the uneme ployed went hungry, or marryin' dukes, and leavin' the land of the free and home of the brave. Very few I see tries to be free or wants to be brave. They'd drather read about the Vanderbilt weddin' than the Ten Hour law Being told how pretty they were and how bright they were stirred up both bein' constitutional. They'd drather be put down with idiots and criminals than "What's the answer?" I quoted, after we had sat in dejected silence a little

"Well." she replied, meditatively, "maybe the men'll get afraid of having don't see why those people insist on calling; it just upsets a vigorous and screaming protest for coffee—something neither was ever permitted so many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin' to take their jobs, and begin to organize a many 'soab' girls around, waitin wait 'em. P'raps Mrs. Potter Palmer or some other swell will make it the fashion to be a suffragette. Likely the old girls that don't look good in ostrich plumes "But, my dear, you inested that they should come to us when we met them at the theatre the other night,"

and then all withdrew to the parlor, where Wille demonstrated, to his own any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, will line up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, will line up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, will line up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, will line up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, will line up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, and then all withdrew to the parlor, where will be up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the Superintendent, and then all withdrew to the parlor, where will be up any more, and have give up expectin to marry the superintendent, and the superintendent to the s I feel like I'd like to take a Rip Van Winkle sleep till a few real American Little Emma, the while, climbed over Mrs. Gote and transferred all portable girls come out of the dream and got on the map. They'll have to come true, some day, you know.""

As we rode along I reviewed what I knew of the independent, brave, ju

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland. OME men think that by putting on a silk hat and a white Ascot the

they are disguised as gentlemen. Love is like gambling; you want to be sure that you are a good loser before you go in for the game Of course it's awfully funny to see a dignified old gentleman climbing upstairs on all fours at 2 A. M., with his hat on one side, his shoes

in his hands, and his collar on crooked-but his wife never appreciates the joke. One thing I can never understand, and that is how a man can tell the front from the back of his hat, but he always can. A man's idea of honor is so peculiar; he would die rather than steal a friend's oney or cheat him at cards, but he will steal his wife or cheat him out of

his daughter with perfect equanimity. All men are the same after ten years of matrimony; they all smell of cloves By J. K. Bryans All men are the same after ten year. and tell the same stories when they come

Beware of fortune tellers-especially if they are the amateur kind that hold your hand while they read the signs in your face

Flirtation is like a cocktail with no headache in it, champagne with no "next

The Lovers' Parting. By Stephen Crane.

MAGAZINE editor took down a volume dated 1894.

"Stephen Crane, the man of genius who died in youth," he said, "used to write humorous paragraphs for me. Here is a little thing of his. I think it's awfully good. I'll read it to you." And he read this brilliant buriesque of a lovers' parting:

It was 6 o'clock, and George Tresham had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Bellairs. "Good-bye, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored

"Good-bye." "In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," George Tresham whispered, kissing the girl passionately. "Do you know that we may never meet

Ch. George, darling." she cried, clinging to him flercely. "Who knows, my own, what may happen ere we see each other once more?" "Oh, George, say that you will come back to me-back to your own little lowng Lillian; My George, the same beautiful and brave George you have always

Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George." "Oh, George," she said, strong in the faith which women have, "I do trust ou. How could I love you if I did not?" And she kissed him fondly. "Then I shall come again, Lillian, my own "

"But when, George, when?" she whispered passionately, "At 8 this evening, darling." 'Oh. George," she wailed, "must it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her tenderly in his strong arms. 'Darling," he whispered, "I will make it 7.30."

And it came to pass as to had spoles.